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TANK MEET

JOHN T. PEARCE, Editor and Manager.

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Housatonic Railroad.

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Frailed Leave Newtown Going North, 10, 47 a.

10.1, 1, 3, 3, 1, 0, 5, 7, and 7, 05 p. m. 19, 47 a. m.

and 3, 29 p. m. trains connect at Brookheld Junction with trains for Danbury.

Going South, 5, 15 and 11, 40 a. m., 5, 05 and 7, 35 p. m. Samuly Trains, 7, 15 p. m., 5, 05 and 7, 35 p. m. Samuly Trains, 7, 10 p. m., 10, 27 a. m., 1, 29, 2, 25, 5, 40 and 7, 20 p. m., 10, 27 a. m., and 5, 49 p. m. trains connect at Brookheld Junction with trains for Danbury.

Going South, 6, 03 and 11, 59 a. m., 4, 55 and 7, 50 p. m. Simelay Milk Train, 7, 30 p. m.

Shepaug Railroad.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS, commencing August 13, 1875.

Connecting Trains Loose Newtown at 10,47 a. m. and 5.29 p. m. Arrive at Latchheid 2.29 and 7.55 p. m. Schendage an additional Connection is made by Train passing Newtown at 7.65 p. m. the Train arriving at Litchheid at 10,60 p. m. Loose Litchheid at 9.3 a. m. [Mondays 7.15 a. Loose Litchheid at 9.3 a. m. [Mondays 7.15 a. m. and 8.30 p. m. arriving at Hawlevylle 11.30 m. and 5.50 p. m., arriving at Hawleyville 11.50 u. m. (Mondaya 5.10 a. m.) and 7.65 p. m., con-porting with trains on Housatenic R. R. Sanday Mile Train bease Lithfield and p. m., d connects with Heusstenic Milk Train.

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IT NEVER PAYS.

It never pays to fret and growl When fortune seems our foe; The better bred will look ahead And strike the braver blow For luck is work, And those who shirk Should not isment their doom, But yield the play,

And clear the way. That better men have room It never pays to wreck the health In drudging after gain, And he is sold who thinks that gold Is cheapest bought with pain.

A cosy cot, Have tempted even kings, For station high, That wealth will buy,

Not oft contentment brings It never pays! A blant refrain Well worthy of a song. For age and youth must learn the troth That nothing cays that's wrong. The good and pure Alone are sure

To bring prolonged success While what is right In Heaven's sight In always sure to bless.

Secon Stories

Agatha's Wooer.

A Hallow E'en Story.

Agatha Winthrop, stood alone in darkness, pressing her hands upon her temples to still their throbbing, thinking. wishing, yearning, all her soul astir with the consciousness of thwarted youth and life. In the next room, wented to sleep by the invalid woman who claimed her every waking moment, and in all the rambling old house there was no one but these two. The negro couple who waited on them in the daytime were asteep in their cabin. The gray Virginia mansion, with its historic associations and family traditions, was strange and new been the some of her mother's kindred was pining as never before for the dear, familiar New England fireside.

It had been thought a fine thing for Agatha when her grand Aunt Peyton had selected her from the family as companion and nurse, and the girl had acquiesced, as she would have done whatever arrangement might have been made for her.

"Good, quiet, patient little Agatha!" all the others had said. "Just the person for a sick room ! 1

To her it had not seemed so at the time and it seemed less and less so as the weeks lengthened into months and the months into years; but the little saiary which belonged to the position had become, in the vicissitudes of time, a necessity to those at home.

The constant confinement, the exact tions to which she was daily subjected, had worn her spirit at length to a crisis of absolute agony.

"How long?" she said to herself. "How long?" and then a sudden terror of her own thoughts seized her as she remembered words that Miss Peyton had snoken to her in some of ser lucid intervals, and her imagination fevered itself with the fancy of a grim face, grimmer than ever, and stilled in death.

With her aching eyes still fixed on the dim outlines of the landscape, she began slowly drawing the pins from her satinsmooth bair, putting off as long as | ossible the relighting of her lamp, a curious scene flashed across the darkness, like the views of a magic lantern. On the zidge of land which lay between the neighboring farm and the desolated grounds of the Peyton Mansion, a negro woman scudded along, carrying a swinging lamp. Behind her followed a girl in a dress, whose loose and flowing tashion betokened it a night robe. After an interval, another white figure and still another, passed by the same path. The light of the swinging lamp gleamed and disappeared in different and ever more distant parts of the grounds, and presently through the still night air came peals of ringing, girlish, laughter, but half suppressed.

Suddenly the meaning of this strange scene occurred to Agaths. It was the eve of All Saints' Day, and she could guess at the foolish pranks the neighbors' girls, with their guests, had been play-

Longing to be of and among them, it entered her head to find relief through the very disturbance of her own mind,

which might change the sluggish current of her distress.

To "eat an apple at the glass"--that she might do, if she made haste for it wanted some minutes of midnight. There was no one to watch her, or laugh at her, but she laughed at herself as she went into the store room and chose one from a pile of rosy, delicious fruit. Ordinarily she had not superstition enough to make such a proceeding as that on which she was bent amusing or even possible, except "for the sake of company." Now so fearful was she of interruption that she would not go back to her own chamber. Instead, she went her one feeble lamp she peered at her giass with her handkerchief the hanging films that floated and snapped and scat-

tered their sticky fragments upon her. Agatha laid her apple upon the oaken table before this mirror. She had not yet heard the bell tolling twelve,

Around her were piles of chests, trunks and hoxes, old books and newspapers, a rusty relic whose history belonged to another soil, in the shape of a plate of steel armor. A sword, a hunters' horn, leers' antiers, adorned the wall. Some of the old trunks were locked, some bound with ropes, some merely closed. One yielded to Agatha's touch. There fell into her hand by its own volition, it seemed to her, a dress of richly brocoled silk. Next beneath it was an envelope of gilded paste board, containing bee, with fan, scarf, evidently the comple ment of the dress. Still below were artteles of male attire, of the same period as the ancient dress. She had heard these very garments described a thousand times. The sad remantic story of the dead and gone lovers who had worn them

Giving rein to her freakish mond, Agatha stripped the gray merino dress she were from her shoulders. She had donned the lustrous brocade which trailed to this lonely watcher, although it had in sumptons folds behind her. The mittens were on her hands, the fan in them, in past generations, and to-night she only the lewels wanting to complete the costone when beeming through the sibell. With an hysterical laugh Agatha quaintance. caught the apple in her hand. Her nair, already leasened fell at a touch. She round the comb in her other hand and drew it slowly through her dark treases. Then she was conscious of shricking--a strange, hourse shrick. Dehind her in the shadows, looking from the dim mirror, stood a form, human in semblance at least, a man in a velvet cost, with lanpels and cuffs of pale blue silk, ruffles of ince about his breast and throat. The face leaned toward her closer, closer, She held her breath, and it seemed to her that a taunting whisper said,

was fresh in her mind.

"How do you like me?" Only these words. However the fact

might be, she fainted dead away. When she recovered sue found herself not in the manufed room, but on the stairs outside. She still were the brocaded dress, and, by that token, knew that her adventure had not been all a dream

The frightened girl sped up the stairs. and found a morning wrapper to replace her ghostly finery. In all haste that might be, she opened the door between Miss Peyton's room and hers. No oner ulous voice was evoked by the sound. Agatha stole around the bedside and looked. No gaunt face met her with painful greeting -- no face was there, only a confusion of bed clothing.

"Her strength deserted her. With an effort she summoned power to lift one of the pillows, knowing well what awful sight would be disclosed.

Not daring to look a second time, she tottered down to the kitchen and stumbled against Chloe, industriously scraping chocolate for " Miss Priscilla's breakfas" Around the dead woman's throat was

found a scart of gauze tightly knotted.

Agatha shuddered anew when it was

shown to her. She had held it in her

hands; it had floated over her own shoulders the night before. There came to Agatha's quiet life an awful episode. To the shadow of death was added a cloud of gloom, of suspicion, of doubt-loubt of nerself, the worst of all Could it have been that reason had really deserted her on that

and again. One day she looked across a sea of faces, every wave as meaningless as another, yet all seeming to threaten her like a sweeping sea. Question after her voice was clear and steady, question was poured upon her. She "There will be no weelding

night of terror? she asked herself again

work herself, perhaps, into, a frenzy, ing, knowing nothing of what that truth might say to others. All was to her a dull enigma, until out of the throng there dropped upon her soul, like balm-a look. Its sorrow was an awful revelation to Agatha, but its human sympathy touched her to tears-that bitterest need

that human heart can know, No prison bars closed prior this woman in her youth. She went free, for nothing could be proven against her; but she knew that others saw upon ber forehead the brand of Cain, and whispered together that she bad lost the price of her guilt, for Priscilla Peyton's will was nowhere to be found. The law stepped in and did its emotionless duty to a room that opened upon the broad. The old mansion and grounds and all verandah--a musty, dusty place. She that had belonged to the dead woman knew its contents only by hearsay, but fell into the hands of one man-a man there bung a cobwebbed mirror. With not connected by ties of blood with Agatha's family, but one look but estabown reflection, wiping away from the Belief kinship between him and the suspected girl.

Once settled in his lonely home, the new heir found for Agatha the employment she had sought alsowhere in vainemployment that left her in isolation, reculring no littman being to repress a simplier of repulsion at her approach, to offer a reluctant hand. To her lodgingroom came piles of paper to be covered. by a facile pen-smay work and well paid. There were occusional meetings between the employer and the employed and there grew up between them a subtle friendship, muse the test fervent perhaps, that the man was by many years the elder. They found that their thoughts flowed together in very pecultar unison; but there was always one subject which was forbilden ground, and sometimes when their companionship seemed gataing a new moderness, a udden chill and gloon would come between them, and then for days each avoided the other resolutely.

It happened that at this spech, Agathe met her first lover. Alone and desolate, divided by a mysterious cloud from a friend who might else have been all the world to her, size could not but feel grateful for a love forced and thrust upon her, and yet she that not and could not return that love.

Beside Priscilla Peyton's grave, in the lence came the sound of the inidnight ger who persistently sought her ac-

He fulfilled to the utness a girl's remantic dreams-young and hardsome, brilliant and unknown, ready, it sae might believe him, to no or dare anything for her sake. By his persistence

Paul Raynor, the heir of the Peyton state, looked on and said no word, while slowly and by impore ptible degrees the glow of their friendship waned. When they met he was kind and formal and Agailor wept for the loss of her friend as she would not have wept for her lover's death

The time of Agatha's wedding ap proached. She was to be married in hat southern land, far away from home ad kin red. In her white dress she good to fare the long unitror in the lodgng house puche, that does for her bri-I day, and thinking her own secret houghts so intently that she had forgoten why she had come to look into the mitror so intently that she did not hear the door behind her open. The man who was to be her bridgeroom came wiftly in, smilling. At hor haft sides he stood and howed his head lits stody blue eyes twinkled.

"How do you like me?" he said, bu ween his closed teeth.

Without turning, Agatha looked From her face every vestige of c dor vas gone, but not an evelash stirred her eyes dilated. It might have been love that swayed her soul, or tear, or any other passion as well; no looker-on could have told; but in that moment there was given to her, as has beet given to other women-a revelu tion. Her hand grasped a stender clinit back until it seemed that the knuckles and sinews must burst through the skin; but when she greated her guest she was herself again, and never before had she so responded to his wooing. Her lover beamed with delight and flattered vanity before the eventor was over.

Agatha and her welding-company were gathered in a parlor of the old Peyton mansion. The clergyman was ready, and Paul Raynor, with a grave, sweet smile upon his face, waited to give the bride awry. Then Agatha started forward, her dark eyes gleaming, her face as white as the dress she wore. frame trembled like an sepen leaf, but

"There will be no welding here

to see, perforce, a phantom husband, and answered mechanically the truth, thick day. I will not mock the sacred service by allowing it to begin. This man," and she pointed to the expectant bridegroom, who cowered and glared now like some hunted wild beast set suddenly at bay-"this man is a murderer! I may have acted a wicked part, but I hope that I am justified. He would have lured me to a marriage with him " She shuddered as she spoke the words. "It was he who killed my poor old aunt. He stole the will which made me her helices. See, here is the confession of the theft in his own words, with his own signature."

She held forward a fluttering paper and a scaled parchment together."

The guests were in a sudden commotion. The startled man glowered beneath his bent brows, and his eyes took n murderous glenm. Agatha threw the door of the room

"Go," she sald, "and pray God to

have mercy upon you." "But if this is true-" began the clergyman, in a stern voice. "Stop him!" spoke Paul Raynor to

some one who stood at the entrance. "Do not! I pray you will not!" plead ed Agatha. "I could not bear it, I have cheafed him into confession, but not to his death-not such a fearful death. Let him go-let him have time for repentance !" still seeing hesitation in the faces around her; and such was the force of her persuasions that the others yielded, and the man passed out.

Agatha laid the will upon the table for all to see, and with a note written as to one cognizant and approving of his crime. While the tongues were still busy, she lifted the parchment, and, walking to the open grate, quietly laid it upon the glowing coals, where it turned in a few seconds to a shriveled scroll,

When the flame's had fairly caught it, her glance met Paul Raynor's. There was vexation in his, but a dawning glory rose and classed it all away, and Agatha read that the cloud that had dimmed their triendship was gone forever and ever. Something else she read in the clear heaven of his eyes-something whose answer lay deep in her trusting hart.-N. Y. Dispatch.

Resping Winter Fruit,

The scarcity of apples this year, throughout the country generally, suggests the importance of making the most of what we have. They will keep much better and their decay be retarded if they are not taken to the cellar till the near apprench of freezing weather. If to be placed in bins in the ceilar, they may be stored in an onthouse. If barreled, they may be placed outdoors on the north side of a building or under a shed. Or, the barrels may even remain in the orchard, kept from the ground by lying on their sides on a couple of ralls. If cornstalks are piled over the barrels, they will withstand a freezing night showld one occur before they go to their winterquarters. Sometimes apples have been left in heaps on the ground in the orchand, properly covered, without injury till the ground has been frozen; but, in all such instances it is better to err by housing them a few days too soon these to have them injured by freezing. From repeated experiments we find that as a general average, apples will keep from four to six weeks longer if thus not removed to the cellar through autumn than if placed there at once as soon as gathered. The same remarks will apply to late autumn and winter pears.

GRAPES -- There is nearly as much difference in the varieties of the grape as regards keeping, as there is between autumn and winter apples. The thinskinned, early-ripening sorts, such as the Delaware and Concord, cannot be kept well into winter by any practicable process; while the Diana, Isabella, Catawba, and some of the late Rogers' hybrids, may be had in good eating condition till nearly spring. In selecting such portions of the crop as are intended for the longest keeping, choose those bunches which have grown to the fullest dimensions and ripened best, as they have the richest jnice, which will not only keep best, but will withstand any accidental freezing weather which may occur. A cool upper spartment will be better than in any cellur, which is apt to be both too damp and too warm. Varions modes of packing grapes for winterkeeping have been recommended; but the great point is, to preserve a cool and constant temperature at about the freezing point. The plabest-flavored and bestrepened grapes will withstand several degrees below freezing, where poorer speci-

(Continued on Surth page,)